

### HESPER

(Continued from Page Three)

"These howling derbies on the street are not concerned with rights, not even their own."

Munro was in deadly earnest now. "That's where you are wrong, old man. In their blind, fool way they are fighting labor's battles."

"It's a queer mixup," said Kelly, with a sigh. "I have a hatred of them duces myself. They want to run our end of the county and their own too. They despise the workin' man. They despise 'im as he were a volent."

Raymond rapped on the table. "Now wait a moment. You're confusing the jury. The immediate question is, 'How can we keep that mob of deputies from coming up here?' I'll tell you what I will do. I will volunteer to go down and meet the leaders and try to stop their advance."

Kelly rose with a spring. "Go, you'll believe you can do the trick. Barnett is your friend. The sheriff is mine. I would go with you, but I dare not leave me here."

"Never mind me, Matt," said the small wife.

"You're both taking a big risk," remarked Munro. "They may arrest you both."

"I have no fear," Kelly said, "but I dare not go—just now."

"I will go if the executive committee will authorize me to treat with the opposition," declared Raymond.

"They will never do that, but Carter may. You might take him. He's scared nearly out of his skin, but he might be willing to go. Come with me and we will see."

In the headquarters of the organization Raymond and Munro found Carter and his staff loudly discussing measures and answering and sending messages. Dolan, the friendly representative of the Boyle "Nigger." They were both deeply interested, and their advice was most carefully considered. Upon seeing Raymond with Munro, Dolan rushed forward. "What's the meaning of this? Have the independents come in?"

Munro said quietly: "Boys, I want to be alone with the president. Clear the room, Sergeant Poole."

A tall young fellow in cowboy's dress drew a big revolver and, using it as a sort of baton, impassively drove every one but the president, his secretary and Raymond from the room.

Munro put Raymond's proposition before Carter in a few words. Carter turned white with fear.

"I can't do it. They'd kill me. They hold me responsible for everything that's been done here. The governor has wired me to meet him, but I dare not do it. It's suicide to do it."

"Then I will go alone," said Raymond, in vast disgust. "Give me a letter saying you would like to meet and confer with the sheriff to prevent bloodshed, and I will present it."

Carter was shaking with excitement over the responsibility thrust upon him. "I don't know what to say."

"I'll tell you what to say," put in Munro. "Tell him we are fully organized and heavily armed, but that we desire to avoid bloodshed and to that end invite him and the president of the Red Star company to meet with us and Raymond in the presence of the governor of the state, in the hope of arriving at a compromise."

Raymond was pleased. "That's the first note of sense I have heard uttered in this whole row."

When the letter was delivered to him Munro said: "Now, Carter, keep mum about this. If it works out, you can have all the credit for it; if it fails, I'll take the kicking."

The crowd in the outer room were consumed with curiosity as the two young men came out, but Munro said: "Get the recruits all together. I'll be back in half an hour and put them through the paces."

Mounting their horses, they set off down the trail in the thick falling snow, guided only by the dim lights in the valley.

"It's a tough night to be out, Rob, but you're less likely to be interfered with on that account. If you meet any of my pickets the countersign is 'contact-porphyry—and salts.'"

### CHAPTER XXI

RAYMOND'S descent of the canyon was singularly uneventful. He met neither the invading army nor the patrol. Happily the storm lessened as he descended, and by dawn he was once more trotting with the calm, close adhering seat of the cowboy.

He had planned to go to a friend's house in the lower town, but with the coming of light and the blooming of the rose of the morning he resolved to ride directly to Barnett's. "My errand is an honorable one," he argued. "Why should I sneak into cover?"

The householder who let him into the house smiled upon him in a most friendly fashion. "We're glad to see you, sir. Shall I tell Mr. Barnett you are here?"

"I wish you would, and tell him I wish no one but himself to know of my presence."

Barnett was in bed, with a pot of coffee and some toast on a stand by his side, reading the morning papers.

"Hello, old man," he called out when the door was shut. "I'm mighty glad to see you, but I don't know what to do about you. What's the row, anyway? Have you come down to see Ann?"

Raymond took a chair near the bed. "Not exactly, but of course."

"I understand, and I don't blame you. She came back from up there looking like a rose of Sharon. Of course you haven't had breakfast. Have some coffee. Touch that bell for me and we'll have something heartier."

"How is Mrs. Barnett?"

"Never better. I've got her locked in there." He pointed at an inner door. "I had an idea you were coming with important news from the front. I don't know about your being here; the people here got you mixed up with Munro in this thing, and I've had the devil's own job to convince them otherwise. I'm not a bit sure they won't want to arrest you and hold you as a hostage."

"What would be a nice job."

"Couldn't it? But they've lost their heads completely. You see, these 'red neckers' hit us on a weak spot—they broke loose just as we were trying to float our biggest issue of stock and flattened out every deal till it looks like a square yard of nothing. Naturally we're all red headed as woodpeckers, and we're got to open these mines. We've got to open them or go blind. By the way, when did you come to town?"

"This minute."

"'Eid! In this storm!' He rose on his elbow to survey him. "Great Scott, man, throw off those horrible boots and put on some dry socks and some slippers! Tumble the things out of that bottom drawer; you'll find all kinds there."

In the end he had his way, and so in warm, dry footwear and a smoking jacket the young miner ate his steak and drank his coffee while his host looked on and commented on his looks.

"You've taken a hand to the plow, haven't you? That's a wonder. And you've really struck it? Well, I'm glad of it. But you want to watch Curran. I'm told he's been to every lawyer in town with your papers in the attempt to break your grip on that vein."

"We are not worrying," replied Raymond.

"When he had quite finished, Barnett said, 'Well, now, Rob, what about it?' Raymond was equally direct. "I'm here to try to persuade you not to send the sheriff and his men up the canyon."

"Whom do you represent, the union?"

"In a way, yes. I have a letter to you, and I come on behalf of the independent miners, who don't want to see bloodshed. There'll be a horrible mixup, Don, sure thing, unless your fellows are headed off. Munro's cowboys and desperadoes will fight; don't make any mistake about that."

"Who is this man Munro?"

Raymond looked at his friend steadily. "Don, the time has come to tell you something, but it's a secret." His voice ended in a rising inflection. "It concerns only you and me—for the present."

Barnett reached out his hand. "All right, old man."

"Munro is really Jackson Hollenbeck. We were classmates and roommates at West Point. Do you remember reading some eight or nine years ago of a group of six cadets being dismissed for insubordination? I don't suppose you do, but I was one of that gang. Jack was another. We weren't so bad as we were represented, but they fired us all the same. I lost all track of Hollie, as we called him then."

"So that's where Munro gets his military training, and his real name is Hollenbeck?" He smiled slyly. "What's yours?"

"Oh, mine is straight. I never tried to conceal my identity. I'm Robert Huston Raymond of Ohio, the man that 'swatted' his superior and got 'busted' for it. Since then I've lived a commonplace life."

"What was it all about? I never asked you questions before, but I'd like to know all about it."

"That's about all of it. I was a restless young cub and hated discipline, but that's of no value. What is important is this—Jack Munro's military training is being felt. Now, you mustn't ask me a single question as to conditions up there. I'm going back, and I must be able to say to Jack that I was faithful to my trust. If the sheriff will go back with me alone I believe I can get Jack to deliver the men that blew up the mine. Then if the Red Star people see me, in fact—will deal with the men fairly I think the whole situation will clear."

"I don't share your optimism. Those jackasses must be whipped before they will yield a point. They'd kill you and the sheriff both."

"I don't think so. I know Jack will protect us. He practically controls the camp at this minute. I have the countersign and can pass the patrol at any time today, and the sheriff, if he has the nerve, can ride with me straight to Jack's headquarters. Then I want you to meet some of the head men and arrange a new scale."

"To this Barnett would not listen. "Once you admit that these men can dictate terms and where will their demands stop?"

Raymond spoke with some heat. "What I complain of is that you Red Star people are interfering with my business. You have inflamed the camp till I may be obliged to shut down at any moment. You have been untrue to me in treating with your men. It isn't so much a question of wages; it's a question of courtesy and decent regard for your fellows. Mackay was no man to make an issue of. He was, in fact, a concealed ass, and you know it. Now, Barnett, you must 'back water' here. The camp is in a bad temper, and you can't cure violence with violence."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said Barnett on sudden impulse, moved by Raymond's sincerity. "I'll call a meeting here of the sheriff, the mayor and one or two others, and we'll talk this over."

"All right, only you must keep my presence here a secret and be mighty careful not to put me in a false position."

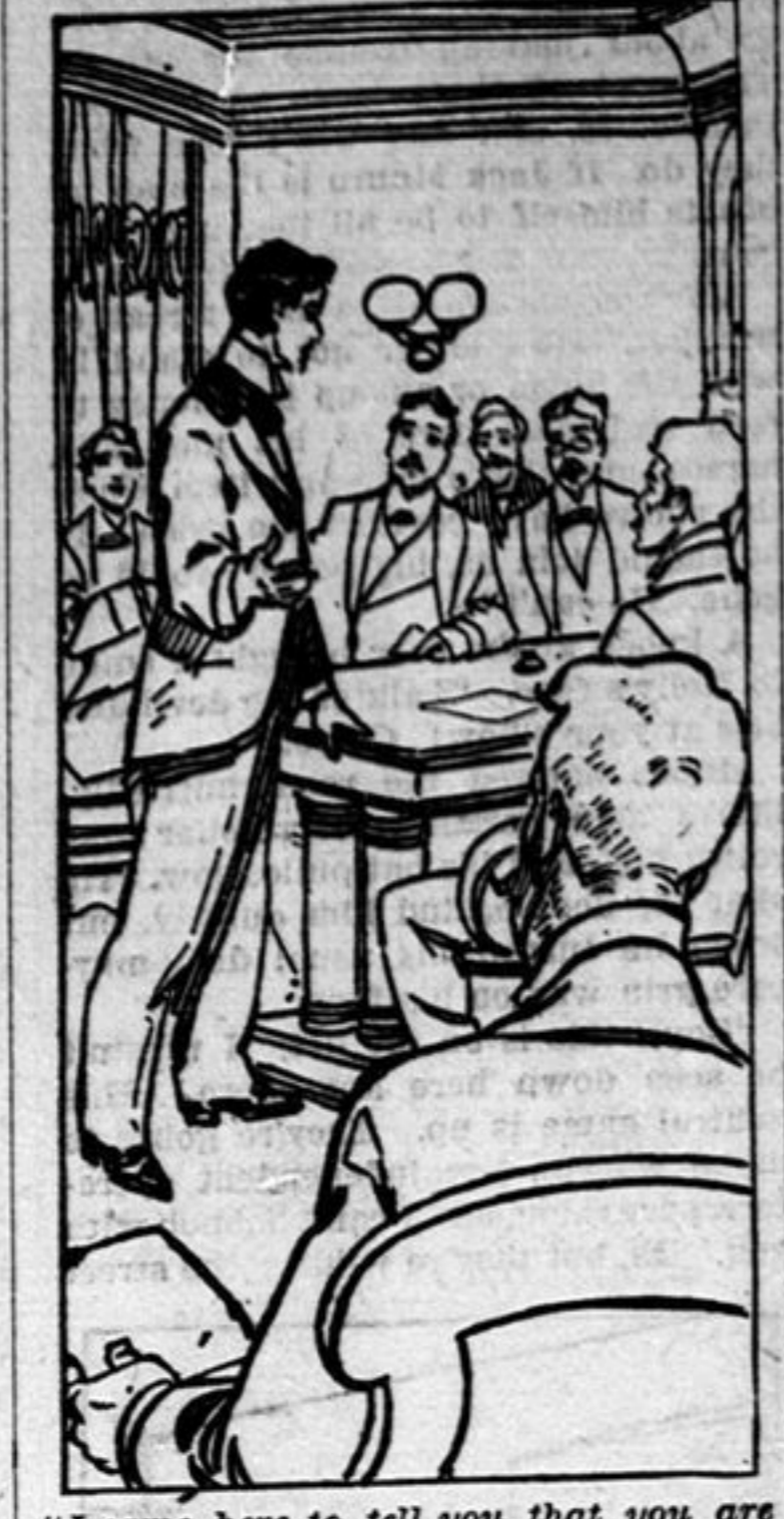
"I'll take care of you." As he rose he added: "You lie down for awhile and rest while I collect my men."

Raymond followed slowly and rolled into his delicious bed with a sigh of deep pleasure.

When he awoke Don was standing over him smiling. "The council is on. Dress and come down to the library. It was right about the indignantly citizens; they were all for arresting you. They understand that you are a pal of this man Munro, and I was obliged to put forth all my influence to save you."

This did not appeal to Raymond's sense of humor. "It's just that blind sort of bucking at the wrong minute that tangles things up. Munro is the one regulative force up there, and yet you fellows want to kill him off."

As Raymond stepped out into the hall Ann met him. "Good morning," she said, and her fine hand closed strongly on his. "Don has told me of



"I came here to tell you that you are mistaken."

make any change in her life. Even if the invaders storm the fort the Kelly household is out of range."

"They really have a fort, then?"

"I shouldn't have said fort. I meant the hill."

"You said fort."

"I am here as a messenger of peace, not to betray military secrets," he replied, with a smile in his eyes. "And I must be careful even with you."

"What do you hope to do with the authorities here not to send the deputies up the canyon. I want to arrange an armistice—that is, a wait of a couple of weeks in which to meet and consider ways and means."

She checked herself. "You must go. They are waiting for you below. We will see you at luncheon."

"Yes, I may not start till dark tonight."

"You have my best wishes."

The men assembled in the library were a grim lot. Mackay was no less square jawed than Banker Moore, and the squat, coarse featured, scowling sheriff resembled a bulldog. Don Barnett also seemed a part of the general massing of prejudice and passion, and yet he was one of the most pitiless of them all. The mayor, a large man with a plump and smiling face, seemed the only man likely to side with a peace messenger.

After general introductions Raymond took a seat and at Don's request reiterated his appeal for a stay of the advancing hordes.

"You think they'll fight?" asked the mayor.

"I know they'll fight."

"How many men does this man Munro have?"

Raymond raised a warning hand. "Now, your honor and gentlemen, I am here merely as a peace envoy. I do not intend to utter one word which could bring any force or hint of revealing the camp secrets. If I betrayed these men my life wouldn't be worth a toothpick. They would quite properly mob me."

The mayor smiled as if it were all a joke. "Quite right, Mr. Raymond. I see the propriety of your attitude."

"I don't," said Mackay. "Raymond and Kelly have elected themselves into onlookers. If they had taken prompt action with us in this whole matter trouble would have been averted."

The mayor resumed his questions. "Who sent you? Whom do you represent?"

"Munro sent me."

"Who is Munro?"

"He is the adviser of the president of the union."

"He's the 'whole thing,' isn't he?" asked the mayor.

"That I cannot answer. He has the confidence of the committee."

"I don't suppose it will do any good to ask about the buried dynamite and the fortifications on the hill?"

"None whatever."

"Then what did you hope to accomplish?"

Raymond fired a little. "I came here to tell you that if you think you can overawe this camp with 1,000 men or 2,000 men you are mistaken. Since this trouble began hundreds of the most reckless and dangerous characters in the west have flocked to Sky in support of the miners. These recruits are accustomed to the sound of guns. Furthermore, Bozle himself—in fact, the whole western end of the county—is tired of the domination of the eastern end, and they will aid and abet the miners. Your party is in a minority in the state, and you cannot safely look for support to the militia. Therefore, for all these reasons and because I know Munro and his men, I advise a peace with you, to stay where you are. There is one other consideration: The party which I represent—the free miners and prospectors, like Kelly and Bingham and Beebe—have stood aside from this quarrel. We have had no

share in it. We have kept our men out of it, but if you march against the hill many of our fellows will join Munro. And I want to tell you, gentlemen, that one of these free miners—them, that are of the hills—is more dangerous than twenty little dogs. A hundred of them would stand off 500 of your men."

His deep earnestness impressed them all, and a silence followed his last words. At last Don said:

"Gentlemen, Raymond is not merely an acquaintance; he was in my employ for some years, and he is my friend. I am forced to give his words great weight. I suggest that we try to arrange a meeting between the miners and ourselves and the governor and reach some peaceful solution."

The sheriff leaped to his feet. "That would make us the laughingstock of the whole country."

"Best be than a melancholy example of foolish pride and obstinacy," Raymond interjected.

At this point the argument stuck. Mackay, the county attorney, and the sheriff stood for war; the mayor and Barnett, being for the moment under the power of Raymond's earnest glance, pleaded rather spiritlessly for at least a stay in proceedings.

"I think it all a ruse to gain time," said Mackay. "I think we ought to hold this man here and march at once. He is known to be a friend of Munro. If we allow him to go back he will inform."

Raymond smiled grimly. "My services as a spy are not needed. Every movement you make will be watched by a hundred eyes, and back of the eyes will be a gun."

The mayor rose. "Well, gentlemen, I don't see that we can decide anything here. We have Mr. Raymond's opinion that our attack on the hill will result in disaster. The sheriff is confident he can win practically without a struggle. This is no place to take a vote on so momentous a subject."

Here he looked at his watch. "And it is lunchtime. I suggest that we go to lunch and meet at 3 o'clock in the committee room."

After they were well out of the house Barnett said: "You see how it is. They are inexorable."

"May I come in?" asked Mrs. Barnett at the door. "Luncheon is waiting."

"Certainly," said Don. "The council is over."

"You were all very quiet. I expected to hear loud voices and the sound of blows." She came toward Raymond, her face sweet with kindly interest. "How do you do, Robert? It's good to see you. How well you look!"

He moved toward the door she added in a low voice, "I want to talk with you about—you know who?"

She put him at her left hand and Ann next him, an arrangement which pleased him. The table was filled, as usual, with people. On their way to California, and Raymond felt himself to be the object of comment both above and below board, and it irritated him a little.

"This is a long way from Sky," he said to Ann as his eyes absorbed the shining, flower decked table and its tasteful service. "You left just in time. It is white with snow up there today, and bleak and cold. Have you had no word of Louis?"

"No news whatever. I am sure he is on his way up to you."

"I am starting back at once, and I will take care of him. Trust him to me."

When at last the hostess rose, the young miner's heart contracted with a sudden realization that his hour of grace was over and that the time had come for his return to the stern realities of life.

In the hall he extended his hand in fixed resolution to Mrs. Barnett. "Goodbye. It's hard to leave you and this glorious home!"

"Must you go today?"

"Yes, I must hurry back. Kelly needs me, and then there is Louis."

"Well, if you must—But do come again, Rob. Don't mind who is here; come to see us. It is always good to have you here."

"As soon as this strike is over I will do so," he said earnestly.

Don followed him to his room, and while resuming his big boots Raymond said: "Don't let that sheriff head me off. Keep him for a couple of hours, and I'll be out of his reach."

"Don't worry about the sheriff, old man, and throw your whole weight against Munro's policy of resistance."

"I've done that from the first."

Ann was waiting to see him as he came out into the upper hall. It was her first deliberate motion toward him, but her face gave him no hint of it. Her quickened pulses as she said: "Give Nora my love, and greet grand old Matt for me, won't you? I feel as if I ought to go back."

"You must not, much as we all need you. This is no time for you to be there. I wish Nora would come down!"

"I wish she would; and please let me know instantly that Louis is safe with you."

"I will do so. When do you go east?"

"Then I may see you again." His words formed a declaration as well as a question, and his glance meant more than his tone.

Her eyes fell. "Perhaps," and she added, with an upward glance, "if you visit us soon."

"That I will do. Goodbye."

"Goodbye; and please don't be reckless."

### CHAPTER XXII

RAYMOND looked back occasionally, half expecting pursuit. He could see in the valley below the town the gleaming white tents of the little army hesitant to march, and his plan of invasion seemed born of folly and madness. He spurred his horse down the trail to meet the night which rose to meet him from the



"There they are building the fort."

west side of the town. At last his guide paused. "You're all right now."

"I wish you'd tell Jack I'm here and that I want to see him," said Raymond. "I'm much obliged to you."

"Oh, that's all right, Rob; take care of yourself." And the two men rode off.

"Good luck, boys."

As he rode up to Kelly's cabin and called out, "Hello, the house!" Matt opened the door and, with a lag on either side of him, peered out. "Is that you, Rob?"

"The very same, Matt."

"Well, now, wait a whisk and I'll come out out your horses."

Mrs. Kelly called cheerily: "Rob, we're glad to see you safe returned. Are you hungry?"

He slid from his horse. "I am emptied as a wolf in March." He replied, "Where's Louis?"

"Louis! He hasn't returned. Didn't you leave him at the Springs?"

"No. He left early this morning and Ann thought he had hit the stage road for the camp. I hope he hasn't gone wrong."

(Continued next week.)

## Worrying

about the garden is the experience of a great many people at this time of the year.

Bugs and insects make their appearance and must be destroyed in order to ensure a good crop. We have all the various destroyers such as

Paris Green  
Hellebore  
Bluestone  
Whale Oil Soap  
Insect Powder  
Etc., a

### DUNOON'S DRUG STORE.

### KING EDWARD MAKES CONCESSION TO JEWS.

London, June 26.—The King has made an important concession to the Jewish feeling. Courts hitherto have always been held on Fridays, thus preventing the presentation of the Jews. By command of the King, the first court of the season has been fixed for Thursday, June 23, and it is expected that the innovation will become annual. The announcement is regarded as the most striking event of the social season, and is timed to break down the rumored anti-Semitic barriers, and as being not unlikely to find an echo in Russia.

### BARTENDERS LOSE LICENSE.

The Port Hope Guide says: On Sunday Chief License Inspector Purvis, of Toronto, paid a visit to an hotel in the west end of the city. He found the bartenders entertaining friends and promptly revoked both their licenses and suspended them from the hotel. The hotel keeper will not be prosecuted, as he was out of town, and his wife was at church. The bartenders will be out of a job in the province for two years.

## SEEDS

Ensilage and Horsetooth Corns, Turnip, Seeds, Mangel Seeds, Rape Seed, Etc.

ALL FRESH, RELIABLE SEEDS.

Land Plaster, in 200 pound cotton bags

We excel all others in our 25c Tea, either Japan, black or mixed. Try us and you will be convinced. Our tea trade is increasing daily because if you once try our teas, you will not be satisfied with any others

Try our China Hall for the best values in Dinner Sets, Tea Sets, Toilet Sets, and all China and Crockery.

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CHINA HALL, WILLIAM ST. GROCERIES, KENT ST.

## The Trent Valley Navigation Co'y Limited

Kawartha Lakes Line

### SAILINGS OF STEAMERS, 1906

Lindsay, Fenelon Falls, Cobocook, MANITA  
June 11th to about September 15th—Tri-weekly service Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Read Down	Read Up
Leave 8.45 a.m. ... LINDSAY ... Arrive 6.00 p.m.	8.45 " " ... STURGEON POINT ... Lv 4.50 p.m.
10.15 " " ... FENELON FALLS ... Lv 4.20 p.m.	11.30 " " ... COBOCOOK ... Lv 2.00 p.m.
11.30 " " ... FENELON FALLS ... Arr 3.40 p.m.	12.30 p.m. ... COBOCOOK ... Arr 3.00 p.m.
11.30 " " ... ROSEDALE LOOK ... Arr 3.00 p.m.	

Connects at Sturgeon Point with Str. Esturion for Bobcaygeon, Burleigh Falls, Lakefield and intermediate points. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays this boat is open for special charter.

### Bobcaygeon, Sturgeon Point, Lindsay, ESTURION

June 1st to October 1st. (Double Service.)

Read Down	Read Up
Lv 6.15 a.m. 3.10 p.m. ... BOBCAYGEON ... Arr 1.15 p.m. 8.10 p.m.	Lv 7.15 a.m. 5.10 p.m. ... STURGEON PT. ... Arr 12.10 p.m. 6.55 p.m.
Lv 8.40 a.m. 5.30 p.m. ... LINDSAY ... Lv 11.00 a.m. 5.45 p.m.	

From June 1st to October 1st on Saturdays steamer will be held at Lindsay until after arrival of evening trains from Toronto and Port Hope.

Connects at Sturgeon Point with Str. Manita for Cobocook and intermediate points on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Meals served on board.

### Bobcaygeon, Chemong, Burleigh, OGEMAH

June 11th to about September 15th—(Service daily except Sundays.)

Read Down	Read Up
Leave 7.00 a.m. ... BOBCAYGEON ... Arrive 7.45 p.m.	7.00 " " ... CHEMONG PARK ... Lv 5.00 p.m.
Leave 9.30 a.m. ... CHEMONG PARK ... Lv 5.00 p.m.	Leave 11.30 a.m. ... BUCKHORN ... Lv 2.15 p.m.
Arrive 12.30 p.m. ... BURLEIGH FALLS ... Lv 1.00 p.m.	

Calling at Oak Orchard and Indian Village on signal.

Connection at Burleigh with Strs. for Lakefield and intermediate points. Meals served on board.

McCallum's line of Busses will give Peterboro connections both morning and evening at Chemong.

### Burleigh, Stony Lake, Lakefield, EMPRESS, ETC

(Single Daily Service except Sundays.)

From June 4th to June 16th and from September 14th to September 22nd.

Double daily service from June 18th to June 30th and from Sept. 3rd to 15th.

Triple daily service from July 2nd to September 1st.

Read Down	Read Up
Lv 9.15 a.m. 6.15 p.m. ... LAKEFIELD ... Arr 6.00 a.m. 9.00 a.m.	Lv 10.30 a.m. 7.45 p.m. ... CRACKEN'S LD'G ... Lv 5.80 a.m. 8.15 a.m.
Lv 11.00 a.m. 8.15 p.m. ... JUNIPER ISLAND ... Lv 4.80 p.m. 7.15 a.m.	Lv 12.30 p.m. 9.00 p.m. ... BREEZES ... Arr 3.00 a.m. 6.00 a.m.
Lv 11.30 a.m. 8.45 p.m. ... JULIAN and VIAMEDE ... Lv 2.00 a.m. 6.15 a.m.	Lv 12.30 p.m. 9.00 p.m. ... BURLEIGH FALLS ... Lv 1.30 a.m. 6.45 p.m.

Calling at South Beach on signal.

Daily connections made with Str. Ogemah at Burleigh Falls for Chemong and Bobcaygeon. Meals served on board.

Any change in these times will be noticed in all the local papers, and the Company reserves the right to cancel without notice.

For information apply to Lindsay Agent, MR. A. M. PATON, or to Company's office, Bobcaygeon, Ont.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.

Seven M. A. D. boxes sold in past 12 months.

This signature, *E. W. Sawyer* on every box, 25c.

Smilght Soap is better than other soap, but is best when used in the Smilght way. Buy Smilght Soap and follow directions.

## Sterling Bank of Canada

### KIRKFIELD

Authorized Capital \$1,000,000.

A branch of this bank has been opened at the above point, and a general banking business will be transacted.

### SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Deposits of \$1 and upwards received, and interest allowed at highest current rates, compounded half yearly.

If you contemplate making a change in your banking connections or think of opening a new account, we would be pleased to confer with you in person or by letter.

J. A. WALKER, Manager.

### "YELLOW FRONT GROCERY"

## ANNOUNCEMENT

Highest Prices paid for Butter and Eggs.

We can supply you with

Fresh Fruits, Vegetables and Groceries, AT RIGHT PRICES.

### LAIDLEY'S GROCERY

Opposite Benson House.

## The be

### Covers and S District

## Volu

## Ann

of Wash Goods, C

## Bargain

Ribbons, 4 inch Taft Right blue, and old rose 7 patterns wide—reg. 8c. 15 shades reg. 5c, sale 4c. Fancy 3c. reg. 60c, sale 40c. Fancy 80c. reg. 1.00, sale 60c. Ladies' Gingham 25c. Fancy 25c. Embroidered front, reg. 50c. Sample Wa. Embroidery 13c, 22c, 32c. Ladies' Gingham 15c and black, 15c. White Silk 35c. In black, w. for 45c. 35c. in white \$2.35, sale 1.65.

## Hosiery,

Fine "Prin sizes 5 to 8 1/2 Tan Casme to 9 1/2, reg. 3c. Ladies' 22c for 17c. Children's 4c white, red, blue 13c, sale 10c. Ladies' Vest. sleeves, reg. 13c. 3 specials, \$1.00, sale 80c. Little Card 80c, sale 65c.

## Men's

Men's Plaid Shirts, reg. 45c. A Snap—20 Cambric Soft hand, ranging \$1.25, these 80c. Men's Tan c. more Sox, reg. 12c. Men's Knit 12c. Hook-on Knit 20c. Fine four-in-30c, sale price. Fine Balbr. Shirts, reg. 3c. Fine Straw 11.00. Linen Hats, these for 50c. Light Grey \$2.50, sale 80c.

## Towels,

Huck Towel Turkish Towel 30c, each 25c. Roller Towel 11c for 8c. 20 inch For sale 10c. Unbleached for 23c, reg. for 39c, reg. Bleached Towel 37c, reg. 60c, 69c.

## Cream Su. for 48c. Cream Crank Linen price 10c. Light web 25 pieces White Over

## NOTICE

Pursuant to of Ontario C. Christopher J. the Town of Victoria, on a day of June, the two weeks ending 1906, to be paid to Leg. Town of Lind. ectors of the sep. Burlay, d. and Surames descriptions. their claims a security, if an said executor twenty-eight liberty to dist. said deceased among the having regard which they h. shall not be l. any part of cutors have r. tribution ther. Dated at Li. of July A.D., LEIG. ectors, Robert liam McWatt.